and if he does not get over safely you know you have saved the dog.

Duck shooting is the noblest of all sports. A safe and popular method is to go down to Barnegat Bay, stay four days and shoot as many ducks as you desire at the Fulton Market on your return. In doing this, however, carefully instruct the market man not to send a receipted bill with the ducks, or your delighted friends may receive the subsequent account of your adventures with that cold hauteur which gives the true sportsman pain.

THE BATTLE.

POLITICAL BUBBLES.

Many County Democracy leaders think that a union ticket without Mr. Martine as the candidate for Judge of Sessions and Mr. Nicoll as the candidate for District-Attorney would be defeated.

would be defeated.

The Republican County Convention meets this evening in Grand Opera-House Hall. The convention will probably adjourn until after the Democrats have completed their union county tieket. Several of the district leaders favor the nomination of Mr. Nicoll for District-Attorney and of Mr. Martine for Judge, should the Democrats set Mr. Nicoll aside.

eenth District.

HENRY GUY CARLETON.

WHERE PROMINENT ACTORS LIVE

F. C. Bangs stops at the Sturtevant.

Charles Coghlan goes to the Brevoort.

Lester Wallack will take a flat this season.

Edwin Booth stops at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Mms. de Noucaze lives at the New York

The Aronsons live in West Forty-fourth

Ed. Harrigan owns his home on Perry

Margaret Mather always stops at the Union

Manager James W. Collier puts up at the Morton House.

Arthur Wallack resides with his father included law, Theodore Moss, on Madison avenue.

Manager Frohman has apartments on Len-ington avenue, but makes Stamford his

Frederick Marsden occupies his own house on West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth

Lawrence Barrett, since he gave up his house on Fifth avenue, always stops at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, His homestead is at Cohasset, Mass.

What He Supposed.

(Prom the Pittsbury Chroniele.)
"Beg pahdon," said a Pittsburg barber, as a
Kentucky Colonel took his seat in the chair, " box

"How do you get it so short and ragged?"
"Cut it, of course. How do you suppose?"
"B'posed maybe yer breath burnt it off."

AMUSEMENTS.

CHARLES DICKENS

will give his first Readings in America FROM HIS FATHER'S WORKS

AT CHICKERING HALL

TUESDAY, OCT. 25, AT 8 P. M. Tickets, with Reserved Seats.
75c., \$1 and \$1.50.
Now on sale at Chickering Hall.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, TUESDAY, OCT. 18.

RICE'S BURLESQUE CO. | 65 AUTISTES

Grand production of the spectacular buriesque, the CORSAIR
With its charming music and delightful Novelties.

DOCKSTADER'S.

*SHAR PAPEARY OR BALON-WRIGHT "SEW TELLAR OR BALON-WRIGHT "SEW TELLAR OR BALON-WRIGHT "SEW SONGS AND SINGERS GILT-EDGE MINSTRELEY PROBLEM OR SERVICE OF SERVICE

H.R.JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE

Prices, 10c.; Res. Seats, 20c. & 80c.

MATINERS MON., WED, AND SAT,
THE WILBUR OPERA CO.
Repertoire—Mon. and Tues.—"Merry War," Wed, and
Thurs.—"Grand Duchess." Fri. and Sat.—"GiroffaGiroffa." Oct. 24—Edwin Arden's "Eagle Nest."

"THE HENRIETTA IS BOOMING."
The omedians.
ROBS IN AND URANE,
in Bromon Howard's comedy.

THE HENRIETTA.
EVENINGS, S.15. SATURDAY MATINER, 2.

Cor. 6th ave

14TH STREET THEATRE. Cor. 6:
Matinee Saturday only during this engagem
LAST WEEK OF
MINNIE PALM KR.
THE MING AND THE KEEPER

Oct. 24.—GEO. S. KNIGHT, in RUDOLPH, Bar

A CADRNU OF MUSIC. 14th st. and leving place of the Victor Reporting at 6. Mar. 8th, 18th st. Blaborate production of the lastest London Relations.

A DARK SECRET.

Reserved mats, 50c., 75c., \$1. Family circle, 35c.

BUNNELLYS OLD LONDON MUNEUS.
Broadway.—Continuous entertainment from neon until 10 P. M. Performances by 30 actists.

SEAL CIRCUS.

MIDGETS, GLANTS, WONDERS.

Admission, 2 cents. Children, 10 cents.

THE GREAT PINE PEAR! AND EDITION OF THE GREAT PINE PEAR! BURGAR WEDNESDAY MATINEE—THE HIGHEST BUDGER STH. AVE. THEATER. SAUGUMENT AVE. THEATER. AND AUTHOR STRUCK S

AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

POOLE'S THEATRE, 8th st., near 4th eve.
Admission-10c., 20c.
The Madison Square HAZEL KINKE,
Matipees-Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Seturda
Next week-TEN NIGHTS IN A BARBOOM.

Next week—TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM.

STAR THRATRE.
Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinese at 2.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON
As BOB ACRES in THE RIVALS.
Supported by an excellent company.

Y YORUM THE TER

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

o you bite your mustache?"

Manager Duff resides under the paren roof in West Tenth street.

Manager Hill sojourns at the Union Square

SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

EIGHT COMMITTEEMEN TO DECIDE ABOUT RUNNER CARTER'S CASE.

The Names Athletic Club's New Hendquar ters Dangerous Hammer Throwing on the Hott Haven Grounds—This Winter's Skating Very Promising—Two Novices



OME eight committeemen will decide on the evidence in the Carter case. An expert sums it up this way : "Mortimer Bischop, of the Americans, is doubtful and C. H. Rowland, of the Staten Island Athletic Club, never shows up. I'll put down J. E. Sullivan, of the Pastimes, W. Halpin, Olympic A. C., and Nassau man, W. O. Eschewege, as sure for Carter, because they think him innocent

and a persecuted man. W. Storms, President of the Manhattan Athletic Club; C. H. Mapes, of Columbia College, and W. H. Hegeman, who to interested in the revival of the old Willamaburgs, are a sort of ring by themselves and will vote against Carter in a lump, each and will vote against Carter in a lump, each
for his own reasons. Storms will oppose the
five-mile record breaker, because his club
wants him gotten out of the way of Skillman,
and Storms wants to please his club
and retain its presidency. Mapes
wants to continue to represent intercollegiate athletes, and wishes to do
anything to cripple the new association of
amateur athletes, because if the new organization is a go, each college will have its own amateur athletes, because if the new organi-zation is a go, each coilege will have its own representative; so he will vote to suit Storms. So will Hegeman, who wants to stick to the position he now holds of official handicap-per. On the evidence I think it would be impossible to convict, but wouldn't be sur-prised if Carter received a censure, so as to let the Manhattans down easy."

The Nassau Athletic Club is not losing a minute in getting its newly secured head-quarters on Washington street opposite the Brooklyn Post-Office fitted. Billy Robertson, one of the most enterprising of the new members and the club's athletic instructor, J. West, professional hitch-and-kick champion, have promised to have the new club rooms ready by Nov. 1. The Brooklyn Lacrosse team joined the Nassaus this week and will soon play a series of games with a team of Canadian Indians. Malcolm W. Ford, all-round champion athlete, has been offered the use of the grounds and running track pending the decision on the petition for his reinstatement as an amateur, but has declined to put on his athlete suit till he has ceased to be called a professional. The Nassau Athletic Club is not losing a

People who watch the field and cinderpath contests of the amateurs, consider the games hazardous enough when all possible care is used. Irish Giant W. J. M. Barry was severely critized at the New York Athletic Club's members games, at Mott Haven, the other day, when, with his sixteen-pound hammer, he came within three feet of launching champion pole-vaulter Baxter and a friend, who were walking across the in field. No warning whatever was given that Barry was going to make a throw. Then the spectators, whose eyes followed the missile in its flight were terror-stricken when they saw the athletes apparently just where the iron would hit them. A shout of warning only made the seemingly doomed men conscious of their terrible fate. They couldn't have dodged certain death had the hammer flown a trifle more to the right. There is talk of petitioning the god who is supposed to look after a certain kind of peoto be around whenever Mr. Barry lumbers on to athletic grounds.

Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, the champion Canadian fancy skater, has written the New York amateur champion skater, Gus Walton, for a copy of the by-laws and constitution of the National Amateur Skating Association of America. A meeting will be held in Montreal on Wednesday evening, and a like organization, to attend to the interests of amateur skating in Canada, will probably be formed. Mr. Walton says there is an increasing interest in skating, and there will be a number of close competitions if the weather is favorable. Among the skaters of promise for the year is Mr. A. B. Rich, who holds no end of bicycle records and who was fourth in the twenty-five-inile race last winter.

Two novices named Patrick Curtain and Patrick Smith were matched last night to fight to a finish with skin-tight gloves for a purse of \$200 and \$100 a side. The money was all placed in the bank of a well-known sporting man, who was chosen referred and sporting man, who was chosen referee and stakeholder. The battle will be fought in four weeks. But fifty spectators all told will

A western relative of a member of the New York Athletic Club was taken round town on a sight-seeing trip the other day. As they were about getting off a street car going up Sixth avenue, they saw a slightly built young man running down Forty-first street to catch the conveyance they were leaving. The westerner had just been telling what a runner he was at home, and dilating on the proper way to get speed together with ease of movement. "Now just see," he said, as the thinfaced runner neared the sikewalk, "how awkwardly that chap runs. I could give him

one mile in every three and beat him easily."
"Why, hello, old man," said the New Yorker as the hurrying passenger grasped the ear railing to pull himself on board. "Charlie, let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. E. C. Carter, the amateur champion, my friend M. Brown." "Oh!" gasped Charlie.

THE KANGAROO LOOKING UP.

His Skin Much in Demand for Comfortable Walking Shoes.



HE kangaroo is a more delightful object to the small fry at a menagerie them.

however, the "little cuss" has hopped into favor. It was a long jump for him, although he is a jumper from way back, to spring from his native heath to the pedal extremities of New Yorkers. That is what he has done, and now the kangaroo is decidedly looking any many control of the control o

is what he has done, and now the kangaroo is decidedly looking up.

His hide makes a fine, soft leather, which is susceptible of a polish, and consequently supplies excellent material for shoes. Although the skins are sent so far kangaroo leather is cheap, for the animals cost nothing to keen.

Keep.
The price of a good pair of shoes is only \$4 or \$5. They wear well, and re easier to the foot which knows the agony of corns than anything except the softest calf-skin, which

anything except the second sec

of the alligator.

Elephant hide and monkeys' skins are sometimes utilized for small objects of this kind. These are employed more for the oddity of the thing than for any special beauty

ity of the thing than lot any arrow or durability.

Let the enterprising native now discover some more useful purpose for a jack-rabbit's skin than to be pierced with a bullet-hole.

NEW YORK'S STEADY GROWTH.

Evidences of Prosperity that the Average Man Does Not Notice.

One can always find something new in New York if he looks for it. The average citizen, who travels back and forth between his house and his down-town office, has little idea how the city grows. A New Yorker who has just returned from the Rocky Mountains said yesterday that the most remarkable

idea how the city grows. A New Yorker who has just returned from the Rocky Mountains said yesterday that the most remarkable thing that he had seen for a year was the growth of New York.

"I don't suppose that I would have noticed it at all," he said, "if I hadn't been out of town all summer. The fact that the city was growing rapidly all the time never occurred to me before. When I came home I found two new apartment-houses and a big business block that reached from street to street right in my own neighborhood, and that neighborhood is in the oldest and most conservative residence part of the city. This opened my eyes somewhat, and for the past few days I have been looking around a little more than is my wont. It is simply surprising to see the number of new buildings of various kinds that have been built within the past year. All this indicates to my mind the best kind of prosperity for New York."

The books in the office of the Bureau of Buildings show that at least 80 per cent. of the permits issued are for buildings costing more than \$20,000 each. A good share of the new buildings are large business blocks and apartment houses. The rest are private residences.

(From the Nebrasha State Journal.) "They say that there was a great time at Sea cock's last night when Miss Seacock and Bill-

hoover were married."

'Yes, I was there. Had singing, dancing, speaking and everything."

'Who made the speech?"

'Lawyer Grigaley. He was very much affected, and he said that to show how sincere he was in his wishes for the young couple's happiness he would pledge himself to obtain them a divorce at any time, and it wouldn't cost them a cent."

Second Childhood.

[From Gaulots.]
M. — was breakfasting the other day at a restaurant. The cutlets which he had ordered were very tough. "Waiter!" he called, "what is this you have given me?

"Lamb, sir."
"You are quite sure it is lamb and not mutton ?"
''Oh, certainly, sir."
''H'mi Oh, yes; I see. A case of second child-hood, probably."

A Memory Destroyer.

(From the Pittsburg Chronicle.) "I see it stated," remarked the Horse Editor, "that the use of tobacco tends to destroy the memory,"

"I think it does," replied the Snake Editor, and he looked very hard at his colleague as he said it.
"I have noticed that the man who uses the most forgets to purchase it when he is on the street."

Willing to Chip in for the Funerals.

[From Puris Steele.]
An enterprising Lyons doctor has for once stole a march on his American rivais. He boldy announces in the newspapers that "in all cases in which his treatment is not crowned with success, he will guarantee to pay a half of the patient's fu-

A Cheerful Dector to Have.

[From Figure.] man with his patients."

"Well, you see, he is somewhat of a misanthrope; and as he considers life the heaviest of all burdens, he considers it his duty to do all he can toward lightening it."

HUNTING CLOSE AT HAND. FIERCE GAME THAT INFESTS THE REGIONS

ROUND ABOUT NEW YORK.

Elk at Greenwood Lake and Bears in th Catakills-Pleasures of the Wildest Chase -A Dog that was Well Broken-Choice of a Gun-The Expense of It All Acen rately Estimated by an Expert.



HAVE received several letters inquiring into the subject of hunting in the neighborhood of New York, the implements to be used, the game which may be found and the artifices with which a skilfug hunter may get his prey, and I cheerfully give information, which may even in moments of desperate danger, be

relied upon. There are several varieties of game to be found in this State. One kind may be shot almost any quiet rainy evening at short range, with chips.

Grizzly bears may be hunted with perfect afety in the Catakills. The dangers which infest the path of the grizzly bear hunter in

safety in the Catskills. The dangers which infest the path of the grizzly bear hunter in the Rocky Mountains and in the stories of Theodore Roosevelt are almost entirely eliminated in that section. An adventurous sportsman may hunt grizzlies every day in the year on the road between Palenville and Catskill, without loss of life or limb, if he observes a simple precaution against taking cold and avoids any unpleasant complications with a large and venomous cow.

Elk are, perhaps, not quite so plentiful now in the neighborhood of Greenwood Lake, N. J., as they were several thousand years ago, but the hunting is still good. An active, persevering man may hunt there for two weeks and have nothing occur to ruffle his feelings or mar his perfect enjoyment of the tranquil scene. Nothing so jars the true elk hunter as to come suddenly upon a large and industrious bull elk. The pleasures of the chase are greatly over-estimated. I had an elk chase me two miles once, and I would have sold my share of the amusement for 65 cents.

Wildcat hunting is very exciting, especially for the cat. Once in Mondocino County, Cal., I was enjoying a few day's quail shooting at a farmhouse where there was a large and sociable dog. His father was a setter and his mother a bull-terrier, and the combination of inherited qualities made this dog peculiar. If I took him hunting with me the setter instinct prompted him to rush around through the brush and scare off every bird within half a mile, and if I slipped away without letting him know, the faithful bull-terrier quality would tend to come out in company with a large piece of my leg when I returned home.

One evening I was returning from a hunt with that dog. He had enjoyed the hunt so much that not a quail had remained in the county. Suddenly he plunged forward; there was a quick rush and a scrabble, and I beheld a huge wildcat poised on the limb of a small tree just out of the dog's reach. Emotion swelled visibly in the cat's tail and frenzy ruled the dog. I stepped back a rod, extracted

ruled the dog. I stepped back a rod, extracted



THE SAFE WAY.

most of the shot from one barrel and sprink-led the cat in the region of the jumpers. He came out of the tree and came sud-denly, and next minute there was a whirlwind of fur and agony under that tree, and mingled sounds informed me that both the cat and the dog informed me that both the cat and the dog had ascertained that something was wrong. There was a combination of clawing and yowling, spitting and snapping, revolving and rough-and-tumble excitement which lasted about a minute, and then a peaceful hush succeeded, during which the zephyrs blew away the cloud of dust and hair and disclosed what was left of the dog lying serenely at peace with the trivial remains of the cat, and both so mixed as to be inseparable.

the cat, and both so mixed as to be inseparable.

The trouble with that dog was that his pedigree was contradictory. His setter instinct prompted him to let go the cat and run, and his bull-terrier instinct prompted him to hold on, lie down and chew, and before he could make up his mind whether he ought to obey his father or his mother he died.

There is nothing so necessary to a sportsman as a thoroughbred, well-broken dog.

Always purchase a pedigree with the dog.

A full-blooded dog with a reliable pedigree costs about \$150, which allows \$149.50 for the pedigree and 50 cents for the dog.

A dog should be carefully broken. I had a dog once, a young and promising spaniel, who had an uncontraliable pession for feath.

A dog should be carefully broken. I had a dog once, a young and promising spaniel, who had an uncontrollable passion for feath-ers, and usually made his selection from the tails of fowls belonging to the neighbors. I

WHERE IS THE IDEAL STORE?

intended to have him broken, but a poultryowner spared me the trouble one day, having
artfully decoyed my dog into a well-fenned
back yard, where there was plenty of room
to swing a club. I never saw a dog so thoroughly broken in so short a time, but it
seemed to me his education was too rapid,
for he died in four days.

The best dog for hunting purposes in this
section is a pointer.
Some pointers are very expensive. I heard
the other day that Cyrus Field once got a
pointer from Jay Gould which cost him
\$750,000.

Next to the dog the most important feature
of a hunter's equipment is a gun. PRETTY THINGS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD ABUNDANT, BUT NOT AT LOW PRICES.

Suggestion for Artistic Women Who are Obliged to Rub Along on Inartistic Incomes-Why Some Shoppers Shun Stores in What are Called "Popular" Localitles Cheapness Means Clumsiness.



in this great city, there is one which lies particularly close to the hearts of artistic people who are forced by fate to live on extremely inartistic incomes We have shops galore, where everything that is beautiful and costly may be found, but we lack, without an exception, the shop where artistic furniture and furnishings may be bought for a small sum. It is not that the goods sold are not worth what they cost, but that there is nothing to be found in the same style but of less

MONG other needs

expensive material. Take any fine furniture shop in town and go carefully through it, noting, not materials nor workmanship so

much, but shape and design. It is almost an impossibility to find on Fifth avenue a single example of the exceedingly ugly and clumsy shapes that greet your eye the mo-ment you enter a side shop or one in a cheap and "popular" locality. By searching faithfully and long it is pos-sible to find a houseful of good furniture that

By searching faithfully and long it is possible to find a houseful of good furniture that does not cost an extravagant amount and may possibly be of refined character, but it would prove a weary search in the main.

In the ideal shop, on the other hand, should be found just the right things and none other. There would be spindle-legged tables and grandmothery dressing cases in cheap wood, in stained or cided or even painted pine. There should be joily little square settees and book-shelves made of long narrow boxes set one over the other, with dull iron or brass handles on the end, placed there for ornament and to carry the boxes of books from place to place. There should be camp-chairs with good colored carpet backs and seats to set in a corner and be useful when more people come than are expected. There should be brass-mounted iron beds in plain white and in colors, and a woman at hand to take orders to make a daintily fresh cover for this bed and petticoats for a dressing-table.

The dining-room should not be forgotten; but, on the contrary, the man who would be elever expected to the state of the harmy place elever expected to the state of the harmy place elever expected to the state of the harmy place elever expected to the state of the harmy place.

The dining-room should not be forgotten; but, on the contrary, the man who would be clever enough to start this happy place should likewise have wit to impress it upon his disciples. How jolly is a dining-room with its floor painted a dull yellow, a dead green art-rug hung over it, table and chairs painted green, rellow curtains at the windows, and enough pictures and flowers in white at equally light value to set it off.

In another room from the one in which, of course, would be exhibited everything suitable for hangings, table covers and bed and dressing-table draperies should be the "decorations." This, to be correct, should be a museum of everything in the home-art line. Nothing should be trivial, but nothing on the other hand should cost more than \$5.

There should be palms, both those in jars and those cut to place over a picture or door. There should be spears, too, of pampas grass, not the ugly little short sticks that one sees in boarding-house vases, but lovely graceful stalks with a leaf or so as well as the feather to stand in the delicately effective way they will stand in a corner. Chesp toilet sets from the hand of an artistic potter would not come strictly under the head of decorations, perhaps, but they would certainly look up and smile very cheerfully at a weary would-be housekeeper.

Big vases of good form and color regardless Rifle shooting has its drawbacks in the more thickly settled districts of this State. I ones fired a calibre 45 rifle at a woodchuck in Massachusetts, and next day a farmer offered to sell me a dead calf, which he had found half a mile away on such reasonable terms that I felt compelled to purchase.

Hunting is not an expensive pastime. You can get a very good gun for \$65, a dog for \$150, your accoutrements will not exceed \$175, railroad fares, guides, board and extras should not exceed \$60 a week, and if you have good luck and are a good shot you may be reasonably certain of securing 40 cents' worth of robins and perhaps a dyspeptic duck, together with a bad cold and a case of rheumatism which will give you rest from the cares of business for six weeks.

Henry Guy Carleton. To-morrow will be the second day of regis-County Democracy County Convention tocounty Democracy County Convention to morrow evening, Cooper Institute.

"We will get our orders from the New Amsterdam Club," said a member of the County Democracy Senatorial Conference Committee.

smile very cheerfully at a weary would-be housekeeper.

Big vases of good form and color regardless of the ware would not have a chance to become "stale goods." for there is many a woman who has declared beneath her breath that she will "die a suicide's death or get something big to put on that mantel-shelf and keep the littlethings from dancing about, if she has to 'put up' the water-pail and broom." Police Justice Maurice J. Power and a few of the partisan County Democrats are op-posed to Mr. Nicoll's nomination. They are friends of James Fitzgerald. Mr. Joseph Gordon, a young coal mer-chant and a member of the County Democ-racy organization, will probably be the union nominee for the Assembly in the Eigh-

if she has to 'put up' the water-pail and broom."

"Pretty little things" may be had cheaply at any time, but they are, nine times out of ten, sure death to the much-to-be-desired broad effect. If one has them, well and good; get some few large decorations to give balance to the room in which they are. If one has them not, they should wisely be left, in every instance, until all the big things are set up and the true effect is reached. Then they can hardly either hinder or help.

All this is a mere wish—the lament of a full heart, but even if it does not bring about that shop which, perhaps, savors a little too much of the millennium, it may give a hint to those who wish it was here. To such it should be said, do not get discouraged because it is not. In all probability, all these things are to be found in the city. If you can spend \$200 in furnishing your house, think carefully before you go to buy, and then go ahead.

She Wanted Two Dolls.

[Prom Parts Steele.]
Mama (in a toy shop)—Now, Suzanne, here are lots of dolls to select from. What kind of a doll would you like to have?

Little Suzanne (aged six)—Twins, mamma. Suzanne (aged six)—Twins, mamma,

PENNY GAMBLING FOR BOYS.

Mott Street Dive Kept by an Italian Capt. McCullagh, of the Elizabeth street police, has just broken up a den of vice on

Mott street, kept by an Italian woman. In a dingy basement, befouled by badly trimmed and half-lighted kerosene-oil lamps she ran a cheap gambling dive, into which she entired boys of from ten to sixteen years of age, and there inducted them into the mysteries and miseries of draw-poker. Her child victims were newsboys, bootblacks and street arabs, who stole from their parents o begged from pedestrians that they might

begged from pedestrians that they might play penny-ante.

This woman kept the cellar open night and day. Nearly two score of urchins were caught by Capt. McCullagh and his men at a long table with cards and piles of pennies in front of them, while hovering about like a hawk was the female Fagan, watching the cards and seizing greedily the "kitty," which was her share of profit.

Capt. McCullagh will see that the woman is prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

WHAT LABOR MEN THINK OF US.

Delegate Hawkes, of the Concord Labord Club-A very good newspaper.

Robert P. Davis, delegate of the Operative Painters' Union—It's a grand paper.

Harry Meisel, delegate of the Urania Club (waiters)—11's a good newspaper. I read it every day.

era)—It's a good newspaper. I read it every day.
Gregory Weinstein, delegate of the Concord
Labor Club to the Central Labor Union—A very
good, newsy paper.

John Bogart, delegate to the Central Labor
Union from Typographical Union No. 6—It's a
bright, newsy paper.

George McVey, delegate from the Piano Makers'
to the Central Labor Union—I read it. It's a wellconstructed, newsy paper.

J. V. George, brother of Henry George and business manager of the Standard—It is a good newspaper in every respect. I read it every evening.

Ernest Boehm, Secretary of the Central Labor Ernest Boehm, Secretary of the Central Labor Union—A nice newspaper, with lots of news. It is making great headway among the labor people. John Jones, walking delegate of Progressive Painters' Union No. 1—It's a good newspaper, well edited and full of good things of interest to every-

William McCabe, United Labor party leader in the Fourteenth Assembly District, and a practical printer—THE EVENING WORLD IS a a rattling good newspaper.

James O'Fiaherty, cloakmaker—I think it s bright, crisp, readable newspaper, and seem to me to be fair and impartial. It gives the news in good shape.

James T. Coughlin one of the leaders of the United Labor party in the Ffiteenth Assembly District—I think there is no newspaper in existence like THE EVENING WORLD. Daniel S. Jacobs, Delegate of the Shoe Sales men's Union—I think it a first-class newspaper, and has a good future before it, provided it continues to devote a fair portion of its space to labou matters.

Louis P. Delan, President of Council No. 8, of the Furniture and Carpet Salesmen's Union—THE EVENING WORLD is a very good newspaper. like its spirit, It's on a par with the enterprisalways shown by THE WORLD.

Edward Conklin, delegate to the Central Lab Union from Progressive Painters' Union No. 1—I is one of the best newspapers ever made, and i goes like hot-cakes in the Fifteenth Assembly District among the United Labor party people.

William B. Clarke, Secretary of the County Ex-ecutive Committee of the United Labor party—The EVENING WORLD shows great fairness and impar-tiality. Our meetings have always been reported faithfully and without prejudice. THE WORLD is a good and honest newspaper.

Labor Party Candidates. Ernest Boehm is a candidate of the Progressive Labor party for the Assembly in the Twentieth District.

Charles Brice, a gold-beater, is the man most talked of for the Senate from the Eleventh District by the United Labor party.

A United Labor candidate for Alderman in the Eighteenth Assembly District is Robert P. Davis, of the Operative Painters' Union.

James T. Coughlin is a United Labor party candidate for Alderman in the Fifteenth District, where he is popular with everybody. Among the candidates for the Assembly from th Eighth District, John Bogart, a union printer looms up on the United Labor party side. von Hollenstein.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
CLARA MORRIES.
Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50e.
OLARA MORRIES.
L'ARTICLE 47. Wednesday eve., NEW MAGDALESS.
Next week-THATCHER. PRIMEOSE & WEST.
Next Sanday-PROF. UNGONWELL will illustrate.
BERIAIN, HOME OF THE KAISHER WILLIAM.

Edward Conklin, of the Progressive Painters' Union, No. 1, would like the United Labor party in the Fifteenth District to send him to the Assem-

Dainties of the Market. Prime rib roast, 18c.
Porterhouse steak, 22c. to
Sirioin steak, 18c. to 20c.
Leg mutton, 18c. to 18c.
Lamb chops, 25c.
Lamb chops, 25c.
Leg veal, 25c.
Veal cultets, 28c.
Sweethreads, 40c. pair.
Calves' heads, 75c.
Roasting pig, \$2.50 to \$4.50
Skingfish, 23c.
Skingfish, 23c.

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THALIA-TO-NIGHT, JUNKERMAN, Aus der Francosonzeit. Wednesday, Bostel, Il Trovatore. look at the decorations. What an amazing pretty gown you've got on," and the Colonel, repeating the mistake of all the other men of feeling, tucked Mrs. Standiford under his arm, and marched off.

Mrs. Meyrick and Major Standiford stood

WAILACK'S,
Characters by Messra. Osmond Tearles,
MOUSE.
R. D. Ward, Charles Groves, Sam Sotherns,
Missas Rose Coghiao, Knid Leslie and Mir.
TRAP.
Abbay. Evenings 8, 16. Sat. Mat., 2.15.

Major Standiford's Wife. BY S. SIDNEY.



HE Major ploughed slong doggedly of the November twithrough the chill mist light towards his quarters. The wind was keen and the Major's rheumatic arm was plaguing him, and his

brow was what would be called corrugated in the novels. But his heart was light and very tender. He was thinking of how cosy Marjorie's little corner room would look-the dancing wood fire, the big arm-chair drawn up to the table with the lighted lamp upon it-and Marjorie herself with her trim figure and eyes like April violets. For although the Major was grizzled

and had twinges of rheumatism in his strong right arm, he was

A high-pitched feminine voice called out Major Standiford! Major Standiford!" The Major had heard the grinding of carriage wheels overtaking him, and he recognized the voice of the Colonel's wife as she stopped him and stuck her bold, handsome head out of the window of the stylish brougham. Far back in the carriage be could

dom in the foreground when his madam was

present. Major Standiford raised his well-worn cap, and stood in an attitude of rigid politeness, but his eyes did not show the kindly light that usually filled them when he spoke to women.

"Good evening, Mrs. Meyrick. How ar you, Colonel ?" " How do," feebly responded the Colonel

"How do," feebly responded the Colonel, while Mrs. Meyrick burst forth glibly.

"Now, Major Standiford, you really must come to the bal pondie. I know you'll look stunning in a Louis Quatorze costume with your hair powdered "——

"My hair won't need any powdering, thank you," remarked the Major grimly, lifting his cap again and showing a handsome iron-gray head.

"But you must come. I've promised myself the pleasure of dancing with you, and we can't give these things up to the lieutenants entirely, can we Colonel?"

"No, my dear, we can't," piped the Colonel from the depths of the brougham.

"And you particularly request that Major Standiford be present or accounted for, don't you. Colonel, at the bal pondie?"

"Of course Ido," obediently replied Col. nel Meyrick, who was somewhat afraid of the Major, but considerably more so of Mrs. Meyrick.

Meanwhile the Major had been gradually working himself into a kind of cold fury. Not one word about his wife. His poor Marjorie.

"It altogether depends." said the Major.

Not one word about his wife. His poor Marjorie.

"It altogether depends," said the Major, with savage distinctness, fastening his resculute dark eyes on Mrs. Meyrick's, "upon whether Mrs. Standiford wishes to go. In that case I shall of course accompany her. I seldom go to balls except to oblige Mrs. Standiford. Good afternoon."

The Major lifted his hat and pursued his way. But his heart was heavy. It was always like this. The men dared not omit Mrs. Standiford—but the women—ah, how those smilling creatures could rend his soul about poor Marjorie! For Marjorie was what is called under a cloud. Somebody

had said that Mrs. Standiford had another husband somewhere—and the possible reappearance of this other man furnished gossip for all the tea tables at the fort. In vain that every man who knew the Major knew that he could no more take a wicked woman to his honest heart than he could fly. In vain Mrs. Standiford might justly claim to be the quietest, most stay-at-home woman at the post—yet not a day passed that these two poor souls were made to feel that impalpable suspicion that was like death to each, and then—there was something after all. The Major could swear upon his untarnished honor that both he and Marjoristhought the man dead—but suppose—suppose? The Major was a brave man, but this thought always made him tremble. Then he hated the world. When she had been the victim of a brute, and he had stood forth to protect her as a brother might shield a sister, the blind, doting, hateful world had visited her with contempt—not him, the strong man, but her, the weak woman. He trudged along in anything but a heavenly frame of mind until he reached his own door and opened it. Yes, there was the cheerful, crackling fire, the book he had left off laid on the table waiting for him at the very page—for the Major was a taciturn and reading man—but no Marjowie.

He stood for a moment with his back to the fire expecting to see her enter, but she did not come. He went and glanced in the cold, dark drawing-room opposite, and the pleas-

He stood for a moment with his back to the fire expecting to see her enter, but she did not come. He went and glanced in the cold, dark drawing-room opposite, and the pleasant dining-room where the cloth was laid. Next, with a troubled heart, he mounted the stairs and knocked at Marjorie's door. No Marjorie. Then he went to his own particular den to look for her. The leaving of this den to him was one of the wisest acts of Marjorie's wise married life. Here the Major could retire unmolested when he wanted to indulge those backelor habits that had been well fixed upon him when he had married Marjorie. Herself, the soul of neatness, Marjorie did not permit the invasion of the housemaid into this sacred spot. The Major never knew when it had had a cleaning or not, and he sometimes thought if Marjorie had swept and dusted much there he couldn't have loved her as well as he did.

As he opened the door he rather hoped he

aside.

The United Labor Party last night nominated the following ticket: Supreme Court Judges, Abner C. Thomas and John Vincent; City Court Judges, George W. Dease and Morris W. Hart; Judge of General Sessions, Frederick Leubuscher; District-Attorney, Louis F. Post; Surrogate, Gideon J. Tucker; Comptroller, Patrick Doody; Coroner, Paul Meyer; President of the Board of Aldermen, William McCabe.

"Has—has—he"—
"Yes." groaned Marjorie. "He wrote—
here is the letter,"
With a sudden impulse of fury he dashed
the letter into the fireplace. "D— him!
D— him!" he almost shouted. Marjorie
disengaged herself from his arms, ran to
the fireplace, and almost from the live ceals
with her little white hand dragged the letter
out.

out.
"You must read it—you must read it," she pleaded. The Major took it gingerly and glanced through it. It was short. The writer informed Mrs. Standiford that he was not dead, as she probably hoped. That he not dead, as she probably hoped. That h didn't wish to make trouble, but mere; wanted "an accommodation." "It's a black mailing scheme," grouned the Major, clutch

ing at a straw.

"Yes," said poor Marjorie with pale lips and frightened eyes, "but on Tom Forrester's part. I know the letter. If I could believe it was not his—I would die with joy."

Major Standiford sat with his eyes fixed on Major Standiford sat with his eyes fixed on the fire.

"Dearest," said Majorie, in a voice that trembled, "what will we do?"

The Major looked at Marjorie, and for answer kissed her cold hand. That was too much for her. She broke into tears, and, sobbing, fell upon his breast.

"Oh, what trouble have I brought upon

on, what trouble have I brought upon the cried.

"Not trouble—not trouble, my dear," said the Major, in a husky voice.
And then the two poor creatures sat hand in hand and talked over the death of their happiness. And two things were settled—ther

that as soon as the Major could apply for leave and get it, he was to take her to the one woman that would stand by them through it all—the old maid aunt of the Major's that sometimes made him think that when angels appeared upon the earth they would wear mob caps and old-fashioned black silk gowns like his sunt Emeline; and the second was that on the next night thay black silk gowns like his sunt Emeline; and
the second was, that on the next night they
should go to the "bal pondie" so that nothing might give rise to suspicion. And then
the Major was to see this wretched ghost
that had risen from the dead to slay them—
and then—and then—. Neither could face
that terrible hereafter. Only, if they never
met again, nothing could change that everlasting love.

lasting love.

Presently they went to dinner. As Marjorie caught the reflection of her own face in the dining-room mirror, she smiled a little, bitter smile. She had never been strictly a

in the dining-room mirror, she smiled a little, bitter smile. She had never been strictly a beauty, and now a few gray strands were coming in her brown hair to match the Major's grizzled locks. And for such a face had Major Standiford ruined his life! She forgot to count the soul within, which was what the Major chiefly valued.

Naturally, Mrs. Standiford loved balls. She was the normal woman, but on the few occasions when pride for herself and respect for the Major induced her to go out, she often thought of the poor princess who walked smiling over red hot plough shares. The neglect of the women was bad enough, but the unremitting attention of the men was worse. Unluckily for Mrs. Standiford, she danced beautifully and had that inexplicable charm that without extraordinary wit or beauty brought men to her feet. The good, the chivalrous, the appreciative, with the well-meant idiocy of their sex, paid her a very marked and particular attention. The youngsters and the unthinking were captivated by her soft attractions, and those who aspired to be gay and dashing blades thought it a lark to follow Mrs. Standiford around upon the few occasions when they had the chance, considering their reputation enhanced by their attendance on one who was indefinitely described as having once been "talked about." Of course this flock of admirers did not tend to make the women love her apy better. Neither the maids nor the

matrons could regard her as anything but the enemy of their sex when they saw her surrounded by a cloud of lieutenants, while captains and majors and colonels hovered in the cutskirts, and poor Marjoris was frightened and annoyed by it all, but carried a brave front over her sinking heart.

"If they'd only keep away for to-night." she thought as she stood before her glass pinning a bunch of Parma violets into her white wool gown. But there was no such good luck. Pain and excitement, and the strong necessity of keeping her head well up toward the world then if ever, had brought a brilliance to her eye and a brightness to her cheek that made her beautiful, Her powdered hair enchanced the darkness of her eyes, and narrow, well marked eyebrows, and she wore around her neck the diamond pendant that was Major Standiford's wedding gift and was not put on for slight occasions.

occasions.

"By George! ain't she stunning to-night," remarked the lieutenants to one another, as she entered the ballroom, and by the time she had reached the spot where Mrs. Meyrick, resplendent in her red and gold, stood she had a train after her. Major Standiford felt her hand tremble on his arm. Even with him present, interviews with Mrs. Meyrick were of a trying nature.

him present interviews with Mrs. Meyrick were of a trying nature.

Mrs. Meyrick extended the tips of four gloved fingers to Mrs. Standiford, to which Mrs. Standiford, to which of a once high spirit, responded with a bow as slight as Mrs. Meyrick's. The Major, however, was gushingly received.

"So glad to see you. Colonel, here's Major Standiford. I can't believe your hair isn't powdered after all."

Major Standiford. I can't believe your hair isn't powdered, after all."

It is hard for a man to check a woman's politeness, no matter how meant. Major Standiford, however, never gave Mrs. Meyrick a look which, although it did not intimidate that redoubtable lady, brought the Colonel out from somewhere in the recesses of madam's train. The Colonel was a good soul, though timid, but he saw it wouldn't do to try the Major too far.

try the Major too far.
"Delighted to see you, Mrs. Standiford,"

he observed.
"Major, won't you allow me to take Mrs.
Standiford off for ten minutes? Come and

Buppered by an excellent company.

STAR THEATRE.

MR. Monday, Nov. 7

MR. HENRY IRVING.

MISS ELLEN TERRY

and the LYCEUM COMPANY in

Mrs. Meyrick and Majos Standiford stood still and glanced at each other. But each was wary. Mrs. Meyrick's weapon for striking the wife was adulation to the husband. The Major replied in monosyllables, but not body could say he was not strictly attentive to all Mrs. Meyrick was saying.

"Why weren't you at the tennis tournament?" she asked.

"I hate tennis." was the Major's sententious and comparabensive renly.

"I hate tennis." was the Major's sentens tious and comgrehensive reply.

Mrs. Meyrick laughed. "I remember when you were the beau general of the posts and didn't miss anything."

"I'm a domestic man now," said the Majory with a smile in which there was no mirth.

"Ah, that's what they all say," replied Mrs. Meyrick, wagging her head playfully.
"But I don't allow Col. Meyrick to urge that as a sufficient course."

as a sufficient excuse,"
"Col. Meyrick isn't under good discipline
I'm afraid," coolly replied the Major. "You shouldn't allow him to insubordinate tha

I'm afraid," coolly replied the major.

shouldn't allow him to insubordinate that way."

Under the powder Major Standiford saw the hot blood rush into Mrs. Meyrick's handsome face. He would not willingly have hurt a fly, but he stabbed back with keen delight the woman who had stabbed his Marejorie. Everybody knew who commended the commandant. Then he followed it up.

"Won't you take my arm for a turn?" he asked, and before she knew it, Mrs. Meyrick was strolling around the room on Major Standiford's arm. That meant that Mrs. Standiford's arm. That meant that Mrs. Standiford could hold on to Colonel Meyrick indefinitely, and as the Colonel was stiff and starched where he dared to be, that Marjorie would not be molested during the promenade by the gilled youth. And both Colonel and Mrs. Meyrick beard, besides numbers of other persons, that after the hall Major and Mrs. Standiford were to take a night train for a visit to Major Standiford would resturn—but that Major Standiford would resturn—but that Major Standiford would resturn—and the news came from the fountain head.

Continued in Wodnesday's Eventus Works.